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Meadville, Pa., Nov. 5, 1865.

Dear Wife:

When I was in Syracuse, Mr. May received a letter from Erie, stating that they could not get their public hall on Friday evening, and ^{only} a small meeting in a Universalist church, located at one side of the town, could be ~~only~~ expected, and wishing to know if I could not give them some other evening. I telegraphed back to postpone the matter indefinitely; but, at Lockport, I received a telegram from them, stating that they would expect me to lecture in Erie, nevertheless, on Friday evening, though under adverse circumstances. On arriving at Erie, I found that I had left my trunk and valise at Buffalo, and therefore could have no change of clothes or linen! I was laboring under the delusion, (though having the checks in my pocket,) that my baggage had been checked from Lockport ^{instead of to Buffalo,} to Erie, and so gave myself no thought about it, though I had ~~not~~

more than three hours of leisure on my hands at Buffalo. No telegraphing to Buffalo could avail me anything, for the checks must be sent back before the baggage would be delivered up. My only chance of getting it is at Cleveland, on Wednesday, as it ~~could~~ ^{can} not overtake me on my present circuitous route. Here is a fix. I have had to buy me a shirt and some collars, to get me decently through this place, Warren and Akron, in the way of linen. Should I miss getting any things at Cleveland, I shall be in a straight indeed, as I shall be moving in advance all the time.

At Erie, I was hospitably entertained by Mr. Catlin, formerly editor of the True American, and gave my lecture to a small but select and respectable audience in the little Universalist church. As the meeting was suddenly extemporised, and not in the regular course of lectures, the receipts were small. They paid me \$25, and the same amount at Lockport - making one hundred dollars less

than our original calculation. I expect this sort of luck in almost every place, and, therefore, my journey will prove far less remunerative than I had hoped. There is no help for it. Where the number present is hardly enough to cover the expense of hall and advertising, to exact \$75 is altogether too trying for me; especially as all the parties are greatly disappointed at the result, and more especially as I know my lecture is a very dull one, and not improved by its repetition.

I arrived here yesterday forenoon in an earlier train than was expected by those who invited me, and took a room at the hotel and had dinner; when I was called upon by Joshua Douglass, Esq., a prominent lawyer in this place, who kindly invited me to stay with him. I accordingly paid my hotel bill, (\$1.50,) and am now in his family, where I am very comfortably located, and receiving every attention. They are Unitarians. Mrs. D. is a very sensible lady, and a decided reformer. They have my lithographic likeness (the same as the one

in our parlor) hanging upon the wall. I am lucky in making their acquaintance.

Last evening, I lectured to a small audience, in a hall dimly lighted, and never was more stupid in my manner, or more unsatisfactory in my talk. It was a dark, stormy evening, alternately raining and snowing, and, consequently, the walking very bad; for the mud is of the worst kind. I felt my effort to have been a dead failure, and no one said any thing to the contrary. The truth is, my lecture is crude and disjointed, and I have no time to recast it. It will cause general disappointment, I am quite certain; and that is the reason why I feel so about exacting \$75, coupled with the knowledge that it must be paid by one or two individuals, owing to the slim attendance. What they will pay me here, I do not yet know. But I know that few places can afford to pay that price, even for the most popular lecturer. I am more and more disinclined to public speaking; and it always worries and annoys me when I speak for pay. How I long to get home!

To-day, (Sunday,) the ground is covered with snow, and the air is filled with the swiftly falling flakes indicating an old-fashioned storm.

Tell William I received his letter and telegram in regard to Warren, Toledo, &c. A few minutes before, I had received a telegram from Warren, saying they would expect me tomorrow evening. Doubtless there will be a slim attendance there, on account of the state of the roads and streets. The next evening I am to be in Akron, and the next in Cleveland.

It is formidable to think of more than a month's absence from home from this date. Consider me by your side at all hours in spirit.

Nothing takes the life out of me in lecturing ^{so much} as to have a scattered audience remote from the platform, and a badly lighted hall, making "darkness visible". It is strange that better arrangements are not made for giving a cheerful light on the occasion.

I got acquainted with Senator Lownie, at Erie, a man of large wealth, a most radical abolitionist, and reminding me alike

of Gerrit Smith and Charles Sumner, both
in his looks and manners.

I trust all is going well with
you. If, for any good reason, I ought
to be at home, let me know, and I
will countermand the lectures in other
places.

With a heart brimming over
with love for you and the dear ones,
I remain,

Always and ever your own

W. L. G.